

The Historie

Prin. O my sweet beoffe, I must still bee god angel to thee,
the mony is paid backe againe.

Fal. O I do not like that paying backe, tis a double labor.

Prin. I am good friends with my father and may do any thing

Fal. Rob me the exchequer the first thing thou doest, and doe
it with vnwasht hands too.

Bar. Do my Lord.

Prin. I haue procured thee Iacke a charge of foot.

Fal. I would it had been of horse. Where shall I finde one that
can steale well. O for a fine thiefe of the age of xxii. or therea-
bouts: I am hainously vnprovided. Well, God be thanked for
these rebels, they offende none but the vertuous; I laude them, I
praise them.

Prin. Bardoll,

Bar. My Lord.

Prin. Go beare this letter to Lord Iohn of Lancaster,
To my brother Iohn, this to my lord of Westmerland.

Go Peto to horse, to horse, for thou and I

Haue thirty miles to ride yet ere dinner time,

Iacke, meete me to morrow in the temple haule

At two of clocke in the afternoone,

There shalt thou know thy charge, and there receiue

Money and order for their furniture,

The land is burning, Percy stands on high,

And either we or they must lower lie.

Fal. Rare words, braue world hostesse, my breakfast come,
Oh I could wish this tauerne were my drum.

Per. Wel said my noble Scot, if speaking truth

In this fine age were not thought flattery,

Such attribution should the Douglas haue,

As not a souldior of this seasons flampe,

Should go so generall currant through the world

By God, I cannot flatter, I do desie

The tongues of soothers, but a brauer place

In my harts loue hath no man then your selfe,

Nay taske me to my word, approue me Lord.

Doug. Thou art the King of honor,

No man so potent breaths vpon the ground,

But I will beard him.

Enter one with letters.

Per.

of Henrie the fourth.

Per. Do so, and tis wel. What letters hast thou there?
I can but thanke you.

Mes. These letters come from your father.

Per. Letters from him, why comes he not himselfe?

Mes. He cannot come my lord he is grievous sicke.

Per. Zounds how has he the leisure to be sicke

In such a iustling time, who leads his power?

Vnder whose gouernment come they alonge?

Mes. His letters beares his mind, not I my mind.

Wor. I preethe tel me, doth he keepe his bed?

Mes. He did my Lord, foure daies ere I set forth,

And at the time of my departure thence,

He was much fearde by his Ph sitions.

Wor. I would the state of time had first been whole,

Eare he by sicknesse had bin visited,

His health was neuer better worth then now.

Per. Sicke now, droupe now, this sicknes doth infect

The very life bloud of our enterprise,

Tis catching hither euen to our campe,

He writes me here that inward sicknesse,

And that his friends by deputation

Could not so soone be draw n, nor did he think it meet

To lay so dangerous and deare a trust

On any soule remoou'd but on his own,

Yet doth he giue vs bold aduertisement,

That with our small coniunction we should on,

To see how fortune is dispos'd to vs,

For as he writes there is no quailing now,

Because the king is certainly possist

Of al our purposes, what say you to it?

Wor. Your fathers sicknesse is a maine to vs.

Per. A perillous gash, a very limbe lopt off,

And yet in faith it is not, his present want

Seemes more then we shal find it: were it good

To set the exact wealth of al our states

Al at one cast? to set so rich a maine

On the nice hazard of one doubtfull houre?

It were not good for therein should we read

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